

The last WORDS
OF
THOMAS Lord PRIDE,

Taken in Short-hand by T. S. late Clerk to his Lordship's Brew-house.

My good Friends and Neighbours,

Y ou are come (I thank you) to see me dye: and let me re-
quest you to take my last Breath. I'll no set Speech; the
long Parliament loaded you with those; (so many Speeches
as, if orderly burnt, would brew two hundred Quarters of
Malt:) &c had late speeching still, if this late Highness had not bad me Vno-
bust them. I speake none, neither in the Commons, nor in the other House:
and yet I must either now speake or else hereafter for ever hold my peace.
My Conscience, 'tis my Conscience speaks: And the first thing that is
upon my spirit is the Killing of the Beares, for which the people bait
me, and call me all the names in the Rain-bow. But did not *David*
~~Wiliam~~ *Bear* ~~did not he~~ and *Devereux* *Watson* kill a Bear? did not another Lord of ours kill five Beares and five Fidlers? may Beares be
kill'd in *Nottingham*, in *Loycester*, and not in *Surrey*? You know
I was high Sheriff of the County, and if I might not kill a few Bears
why was I made Sheriff? I thought it our interest to let nothing live
that would fight; and therefore we made an *Act* against *Cook maces*:
others have kill'd far greater things with lese Commission. But per-
haps they'll say I strook at the *Prerogative*; for *Kings* and
Protectors have a Priviledge when they find a good Mastive Dog, to
clap their collar upon him and use him for the Game; and so if kill the
Beares, hang the Dogs, no Bear no Dog. But think you the *Preroga-*
tive would reach to Beares? or that Great Britain were the *Isle of Doggs*?
are we, like *St. Mallowes*, guarded by Mastives? the *French* have ever
made us their *Apes*, and must we follow their *Dogges* too? If an *English*
Mastive get whelpes in *France* they all prove *Curses*; (I wish our *English*
Souldiers there may never turn *French*.) Can we forget that horrid Ac-
cident when Major Generall *Skippyn* came in a Horse-lister wounded to
London? when he pass'd by the Brew-house near *S. John's* street, a
Devillish Mastive flew (as at a Bear) at one of his Horses, and held
him so fast by the stones, that the Horse grew mad as a *mad dogg*, the
Souldiers so amaz'd that none had the wit to shoot the Mastive, but the
Horse-lister born between two Horses toss'd the Major Generall like a
Dog in a Blanket. Thus your Dogs use *Horse* and *Man*: And for

Women, remember how *Swash* the abominable Mastive took a dispensation with an *Elder's Maid*. Nay, not a *Sow* in the streets by night, but the Watchmen's Dogs steal privately to her, which makes your *London-Piggs* have such round heads: and when I my self had my first Brew-house (which was at *Pye corner*) I heard a Pig bark, whereby I knew 'twas a City Pig. Here's a sweet stir with Beares and Dogs, able to make a wise man mad: for first they pretend to preserve their *Dogs*, yet rayl at me for shooting the Beares that kill thole Dogs; and then tax me for killing the Beares, yet set their Dogs to tear the Beares in pieces. Yes, and the Man that ow'd the Beares now sues me for destroying his Goods. but what the Devil are Beares good for? They bragg of a *Weapon-salve* made forsooth of the fat of Beares kill'd in the *Act of Generation*, (though Beares never generate, but by sight when none can know it:) my *Sword* hath made some Wounds, let them anoynt the blade of my *Sword* and try how many *Cavaliers* 'twill cure. The *Devill* has a hand or a foot in this *Salve* if it come from Beares: for, you know the *Beast* with feaven heads and ten hornes had the *foot of a Beare*, whence people say *a Beare has the Devil's foot*: You think I mean the *Beare at the Bridgefoot* (for God sends meat and the Devil sends *COOKS*:) I mean a *Lamb of the Devil*, and is he fit to destroy the Devil? *George* was *Sainted* for killing a *Dragon*; (*Saints* of old like honest *George* us'd to kill *Beasts*, but now *Saints* commonly kill *men*;) the *Dragon* and *Bear* are Pictures of the same; for the *Devil* hath divers Sutes to put on; he wears not onely the *Beast* (a *red Dragon*, an *Otter*, a *Bear*) but a very *Man*, a *Woman*, in *Silks*, in *Buff*, in a long Mourning Cloak (to hide his cloven-foot) and too often a *Saint* or *Angel* of new *light*; yet then so like as one Devil to another. An Author of Ours said the *Beast's ten hornes* are the *Kings of Europe*; which may bee the reason why the *Members* that voted against a *King* were so hot for *Decimation*: those *Members* were not the *major part*, but the *Major Generall part*: I confess that *Author* wrote after the *King* was beheaded, when our *Liberties* stood committed to severall *Keepers*. And yet I would know that *Member's name* that would not be a *King*: every creature (above and below) hath a *Monarch* in his belly: the *Devil* would fain have bin *King of Heaven*, and *Adam* scorn'd to be *King of the Earth*, and each of his sonnes would be *King of all the rest*. And (to speak my *Conscience*) if the *State* should vouchsafe to name me *King*, I think I should not question the *Elections*; no, though it were (as I hear the *Persians* once chose a

King) by the neigbing of a horse. But he that hath Horse may soon be a King; and therefore I love to save my Horse; but why with a vengeance should we save Beares that feed upon Horse-flesh? My Phyfician fay's that an old fellow one Pliny told him, that a piece of Beares flesh will grow bigger by boyling; which shewes the Devil and his Danime is in Beares; for all things else will boyl away to nothing: had all my Beer had a good sound boyling, I had not dyed worth a pound of Hopps. Are thele your Beasts of the Game? I proffesse I hate Gaming, there's an Act against it, though some of our own play deep as any, and the Gamefliers made Dice of some of Their bones who made that Act; (O who can tell how a man is us'd when once he comes to be a dry bone!) Something there is that Dice run now more false then ever, that is many new curses follow those Bones. Perhaps the Beares come not within the Ring of this Act against Gaming, yet both Dog and Bear are within the lits of the Act against Duells; and though they are out of the Act of Oblivion, yet some new Justices brought them within the Act for Marriages. 'Tis confess'd they fight, but not for us; they are no part of the militia, and never paid so much as Pole money: they never with Lions were admitted into the Tower, nor shew'd at Westminster among the fineSights; nor ever reckon'd among the Crown Jewels. There were Propositions for bringing in Plate, mony, and Horse, but not for Beares. And yet now muft England turn Greenland? the War has made it Red Land, and Funerals make it black Land, & our Ministers make it blem Land. But if I never answer for killing any thing but Beares I shall do well enough: Were I arraign'd, it could not be Murther, but Beare-slaugher: nay I killd them in my own defence, for they would have killd mee; which is more then can be said for putting many a thousand to death. O but they say I killd them not fairly, but shot them dead in cold blood? And am I the first that did so? have wee not done it over and over? I killd them as wee killd Lucas and Lisle, two as brave men as the King had any: what? would they have mee baye them to death? do I look like a Beare-ward? or should I knock them in the head like an Oxe? there is a Major Generall can do that better then I. I remember one (now a great Lord) who speaking against Strafford, said, Beasts of Prey ought to have no Law: shall wee grant that to Beares which wee deny'd to Strafford? A Cavalier told mee that this was but a Quibble upon the word Law, for there is (said hee) no Law for Beasts, but that a man may kill them for his use, and the more sudden and leis payn the better, and if a Hare or Stag have Law, that is, liberty to run, 'tis not for their but for our sakes, to prolong our sport in their destru-

ction. However that Quibble was seasonable then, and did our wor
 upon Strafford and Canterbury. But mark how both sides plead fo
 mee ; the one say's, *Beasts of Prey must have no Law* ; the other say's
There is no Law for Beasts: so bo:th say 'tis lawfull for mee to kill
 the Beares. No matter how ; hang them, shoot them, chop of their
 heads, send them to Jamaica; any way is best. For can there be Beasts
 more Malignant then Beares? I look'd but in my Almanack, and there I
 found two Doggs and two Bears among the Stars; and those I date say
 are *Malignant Stars*; for within two lines the great Beare is call'd
Charles-Wyn. By this you'l imagine *Malignants* are in *Heaven*;
 bu: wee and they shall scarce meet in one place: for els t'were madnes
 in us to kill them, because thereby wee fend them to bee happy. But
 They as well as Wee would fain live; and would have good Estates as
 they had before, and as Wee have now: 'tis in our Power whether They
 shall live but not whether wee our selves shall dye; for though our
 Army bee as strong to day as yesterday, yet our own Bodies draw
 nearer Death. Behold it in mee : and remember *Naseby*, which made
 us what wee are ; how the King's best men, when the Victory was
 Theirs, took a bottomles fancy of runnig all away, having done the
 like before at *Marston-moore*. I have known six thousand (and no
 Cowards neither) fly all like Bedlins when no enemy was within
 sevanteen miles, and if they were all examin'd upon Oath they could
 not tell why. And they say that one poor wooden Horse at *Troy* did
 more then all our Army in the *Indies*. 'Tis certain no *Woman* is so fickle
 as an *Army*. I speake not for my self ; for 'tis well known I have done
 my part ; (ure I have kill'd better things than Beares ; and kill'd them as
 men shou'd bee kill'd, cyther in the field or in a *High Court of Justice*:
 the best *Cavalier* among them all (the King himself) I Judg'd to the
 Block; my Lord *Hewson* is my witnes, for hee late next to mee. Per
 haps they think my Lord *Hewson* and I not fit to bee *Judges* because of
 our Trades ; but let them shew mee one Text of Scripture where *Brew
 ers* and *Shoemakers* are forbidden to bee *Judges*. I confess in Juries of
 Life and Death wee except against a *Butcher* as blooded in slaying of
 sheep and Calves ; but if hee only kill Beares and Men hee may bee
 either a *Juror* or a *Judge*. I knew a *Judge* did use to mend *Stockings* ;
 (I spare his name because hee did a *Buisness* for mee) and 'tis as law
 full to mend *Shooes* as *Stockings*, and if a *Judge* may bee a *Cobler*, a
Cobler may bee a *Judge*. As for mee, 'tis true I have born a *Sling*; which
 made a Knave call me *St Thomas Slingsby*; but I made the *Slingsbies*
 shorter for it by one, and that one shorter by the Head; and had
 done as much for young *Mordant*, but that (having drank White-wine

that morning) I stopt forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mordant* was quit. Thus the Life of Man is but a pissing while. But what if I have born a *Sling*? did not *David* so too? the difference is, Hee laid by his *Sword* and took up a *Sling*, and I layd by my *Sling* and took up a *Sword*. Kings, Lords, and Gentlemen take mony for their Land; others sow it and sell the Corn to us; wee advance it to good Beer and Ale, and then sell the Drink to those Kings, Lords and Gentlemen; and thus the Cup goes round. They sell for mony, and *Wee* sell for mony; and if a *Shilling* had a *Tongue* as well as a *Face*, it would say, *Sir, I am but twelve pence whether you meet mee in the Brewhouse or in the Exchequer.* 'Tis true, there are divers sorts of *Shillings*: some are *Brass*; impudent Rogues, who when discovered are nayl'd to a Polt: some are *Lead*, heavy dull Beasts that will not goe: others are right Metall but *clipt*, poor *decimated* things that would goe and cannot. But *Brass* is *Brass*, and *Silver* is *Silver* at *Court* and at *Pye-corner*. I was as warm in my Leather *Jacket* as in my *Scarlet Cloak*. 'Tis strange what an eye-sore that *Cloak* was to some, as if the Garment it self could sin: indeed wee had a man that us'd to hang his *Cloke* in my Brew-house (as Country folk hang *Wooll* over pales of Water to make it weight,) and so though not Hee, yet his *Cloak* was a Drunkard. But *Cloake* or *Jacket* I was the same man: I never deny'd, but still kept my *Trade*, (and if others had done so, a hundred thousand Lives had bin sav'd) at last I got to be *Brewer* to the *Navy*; and if each man had drank like the *Whale* at *Greenwich* I could have fill'd them all: for I had three Brew-houses, one at *London*, another at *Kingston*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not I have three Brew-houses as well as *Assembly-men* three *Benefices*? they were my *Livelyhood* as theirs were their *Livings*. One of those fellowes at *Margarets Westminster* (who had four Preferments given him by the State) would needs teach us how to live by a *Word*: You'll ask (said he) *what Word is that?* 'tis *Faith*, get *Faith* and I'll undertake you may live Gentleman like: but that Rascall brake his own word with me, and dyed Twelve pound in my debt. I grant he was first that told me my Surname came from a *King of Rome*, call'd (as I remember) *Turquinus Suparbus*: there were seven of those *Kings*, but they are long since dead, and thence men call me one of the seven deadly sinnes, they may as well call me one of the seven Wisemen, or one of the seven *Phantas* or seven Wonders of the World. But if we credit such as Hee, 'tis a very hard thing not to be a *King*. They'll prove (if you'll pay them) that *Rhombus* and *Remus* that founded *Rome* were of *English* extraction; (I know, not whether we had the same Mother, but 'tis said many of us had the same *Nurse*.) But I never

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car'd three pence for their Praise ; therefore I pray ye vex not my *Corps* with a huge *Monument*, which cannot prote& it self, nor me ; and many a man's Bones had slept in quiet if his prating *Tomb* had not told where he lay. And trouble not my Ghof't with any of their *Elegies*, *Latin* or *English* ; they make a man but laught at, and are not worth a handfull of *Graines*. I do not mean *Mr George Witheres*, for He got the *Statute-Office* by Riming : he hath now sold that *Office*, but when will he sell his *Verles* ? a *Statute* lyes upon them so as no body will buy them. 'Tis not a Month since one of the *State's Poets* brought me an *Anagram* for me and my Wife : but I hear those *Anagrammers* should be all fetcht into a *Court of Wards*, for although they have not Wit enough for *Lunatiks*, they are dull enough for *Idiots*. But now they'll all at me : what a heap of paltry *Quibbles* and *Clenches* will they throw upon me ? you 'll hear them cry , *Now Pride hath a fall*, --- *Now there are but six deadly sinnes*. --- *O, Sir, are you there with your Beares* ? They but saw me stand, holding my Crab-tree cudgell upright, and they cry'd, *Lo, there's the Bear and the ragged staff* ! How have they dragg'd my poor Name, & set me back from P to B, to make me born in *Bride's Church Porch* ? 'tis false and Non-sence to call me *BRIDE* , though my Wife was so when I led her to Church. I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend , where (instead of *my best Beer*) I wrote that I had sent *my best Bear*. But all Letters & Books are false ; there's none of them honest except the *Bible*. I have an *Abridgement* of an *English Chronicle* , which drowns the Duke of *Clarence* in a *Rundlet of Malmsey* (the Duke might as soon be drown'd in a *Thimble*;) but perhaps tis a whole *Tonn* in the *Chronicle* , for my book is but a *Pitome*. Hang Names and Words ; *Greek* and *Latin* will not make an honest man ; and a man may speak Truth without true spelling. I remember when I dined with the *Florida Ambassadour* at *Alderman Novel's* , where we had *Florence* wines, I told the Alderman that *when that Ambassadour got home to his Countrey he might send us more of that Florida wine* : They all smil'd; but what car'd I ? 'twere not two pence to me if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the *Indies* : they should remember I was a *Brewer* , not a *Vintner*. But I am positing thither where there are no *Quibbles* ; though I fear (in the weak condition I am now) I my self have bin forc'd upon many : for Dying men talk idly ; and he that is sick and talks much , can hardly escape from *Quibbles* or *Non-sence*. And I hope you'll pardon my *baiting* your Patience so long with the *Beares* : consider it was the great Action of my *Life*, and the onely thing (in the opinion of many) that would lye upon my *Conscience*. I confess I thought the *Leale* of my

Life had not bin expir'd ; there is Breath enough in the world, but I must have no more of it. For Death, Death is the grand *Malignant* ; and a *Malignant Feaver* is his *Lieutenant Generall*, and (which is worke) this *New Disease* is his *Major General*, a Disease which sweepeth through all Counties of *England*. And though the Weekly *Bills of Mortality* know not us who dy in the Countrey ; yet tis my comfort I dye here in my own House at *Non-such*. 'Twas the *Kings* Houle, and Queen *Elizabeth* low'd this above all her Houses and some say my wife looks like that Queen, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like Her ; (That Queen might look like whom she pleased, for She by *Proclamation* forbad any to draw her *Picture* ;) but I would not have my Wife like both *Her* and *Him*, and so make her a *Mapbrodite*. She hath brought me divers Sons; and I leave them good Estates : (I hope I do) and would gladly leave a good name to keep them company. The very *Malignants* say my Sons are civil persons : But should I live a thousand yeares they would not say so of me : I think 'twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my *Sling*. But how many know yee, that (raised like me to Power and Command) have willingly returned to the place from whence they came ? They talk indeed of a *Roman* Generall who came from the *Plough* (*Dick Tator* I think they call him) who having beat the Enemy went home to the Countrey, rich and renowned for a very wise man. And they say if that pittifull pilchard *Massanello* (who had a hundred thousand at his pleasure) had lefft his command, hee had not been rewarded with a musquet bullet, but had been honoured with a *Statue of Gold*. 'Tis true the Queen of *Sweden*, though born a *Kings* Daughter, resign'd her *Crown*, and vows shee never lived happy til now. But her *Successor* love's *Kingdoms* better then so, and will onely have as many as hee can get. Hee soon swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgorg'd it : and is now in *Danemark*, holding two Forts (with two hard names) which stand like our *Graves-end* and *Tilbury* : and had he strength to take *Ours* too, I think in my Conscience hee would make us all *Danes*. Hee has many *Designs* : but all my *Design* is onely to save my *Estate* and my *Soul*. Indeed heretofore I had some little *Plots*, but they did not all take: I thought to make the same *Horses* serve both for my *Coach* and *Dray*, but I found my *Dray-horses* were too high shod, and I might as well have Harness'd the *Beares*. And yet I know what belongs to *Horses* : for I was the first brought *Horses* into *Paul's* : and those *Horses* brought *Saddles*, for a *Sadler* hath set up another *Exchange* there. I was told *Epsham* water might do mee good, but I durst not take it, having wld the *Vicar* so very severly, left that *Parish Priest* should unhalow the *Well* : and (to say truth) from my *Tomb*

I never used to drink Water. My Yonib minds mee of the late Earle of *Pembroke*: for when hee lay dying (as I do now) I went to visit him, and when they told him Colonel *Pride* was there (for then I was but Colonel) who? who (said hee) *Pride*? oh, a precious Yonib! But what had hee to do with my Yonib? had I such strength and health as in my Yonib, I would not change with any Lord in *England*. I now die a *Lord*, and had I lived as long as that *Earle* I might have been an Earle as well as hee. And I die first of all the new Lords, whereby you'll see whether our *Sons* succeed us in the *Peerage*. I would have no Barons *Warr*: though I fear a world of Doubts will be rais'd about the *Other House*. They'll put it to the question Whether our *House* bee within the *Act* against new Buildings? and (if within the *Act*) Whether as built upon a new foundation, or because 'tis a *Cottage*? Then (after the Foundation) have at the Roof; Whether it be *Tyed* or *Thatcht*, (I do not mean by *Wat Tyler* or *Jack Straw*) Whether it bee the *Upper House* or a *Garret*, where old *Shooses*, old *Casks*, & such Lumber is plac'd? Whether this *High Court* bee a *Court of Warr*, where none sit but *Officers*? with a hundred such questions too many for a Dying man to remember. And truly I my self have been much puzzled with this *Other House*: for the *Commons* is one *House* & ours is the other: & ours is one *House* & the *Commons* is the other; & who can distinguish the other from the other? If I send my man to my *Brewhouse*, he'll ask if I mean to *London*? No (say I) but to my other *House*, then goes he to *Kingston*: when he returns I send him to my other *House*, then goes hee to *London*: and when hee comes back I bid him not go to *Kingston* or *London*, but to the other *House*, and then must hee march to *Edenburgh*. Thus a man must run through two Nations ere hee can finde this other *House*: for this is the other, and that is the other, and all are the other *Houses*: though sure our *House* of *Peers* is such as there cannot be such an other *House*. I hope 'tis no offence in mee to compare the *House of Lords* to a *Brewhouse*: for I am of both *Houses*: I know how men are at work in both, & what great Heats are often in both, & how in both they all work for one man, yet every man for himself: with twenty more things wherein the two *Houses* agree. The difference is, that wee took the *Engagement* against a *House of Lords*, but not against a *Brew house*. But that was meant of the old *House of Peers*, not the new: and a new *House* is worth two old ones, for the *State* hath a whole years Rent of a new *House* if it stand within ten miles of *London*. But alas (my good Friends) I am now going to the *Lower House*, whither we all must go sooner or later; and the best & greatest Lord of us all had rather go to the other *House* then to the other *World*: for no *Brew house* is there, but a great hot *Oven* that will never be cold. Therefore take heed, for as we *Brew*, so must we *Bake*.

The last WORDS
OF
THOMAS Lord PRIDE,

Taken in Short-hand by T. S. last Clerk to his Lordship's Brew-houſe.

My good Friends and Neighbours.

You are come (I thank you) to see me dye: and let me re-quest you to take my last Breath. I'll no let Speech: the long Parliament loaded you with those; (so many Speeches as, if orderly burnt, would brew two hundred Quarters of Malt;) & he had late speaking still, if his late Highness had not bad me. You know them. I speake none, neither in the Commons, nor in the other House: and yet I must either now speake or else hereafter forever hold my peace. My Conscience, is my Conscience I speake: And the first thing that is upon my spirit is the *Killing of the Beares*, for which the people bait me, and call me all the names in the Rain-bow. But did not *David* kill a Bear? did not the Lord Deputy treason kill a Bear? did not another Lord of ours kill five Beares and five Fidlers? may Beares be killed in *Nottingham*, in *Leicester*, and not in *London*? You know I was high Sheriff of the County, and if I might not kill a few Beares why was I made Sheriff? I thought it our interest to let nothing live, that would fight; and therefore we made an *Act* against Cock-machise: others have kill'd far greater things with leſſe Commissione. But perhaps they'll say I strook at the *Privy-privy*; for Kings and *Protector*'s have a Priviledge when they find a good Mastive Dog, to clasp their collar upon him and use him for the Game; and so I kill the Beares, hang the Dogs, no Bear no Dog. But think you the *Privy-privy* would reach to Beares? or that Great Britain were the *isla of Dogs*? are we, like *St. Mallowes*, guarded by Mastives? the French have ever made us their *Apes*, and must we follow their *Dogges* too? If an *English* Mastive get whelps in *France* they all prove *Curses*; (I wish our *English* Soldiers there may never turn *French*.) Can we forget that horrid Accident when Major Generall *Skeppon* came in a Horse-litter wounded to *London*? when he pass'd by the Brew-houſe near *S. John's Street*, a Devilish Mastive flew (as at a Bear) at one of his Horses, and held him so fast by the stones, that the Horse grew mad as a mad dogg, the Soldiers so amaz'd that none had the wit to shoot the Mastive, but the Horse-litter born between two Horses toll'd the Major Generall like a Dog in a Blanket. Thus your Dogs use *Horse* and *Man*. And for Women,

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Women, remember now, *Swash* the abominable Mistive took a dispensation with an Elder's Maid. Nay, nor a *Sow* in the streets by night, but the Watchmen's Dogs steal privately to her, which makes yo'r *London*-Piggs have such round heads: and when I my self had my first Brew-house (which was at Pye-corner) I heard a Pig bark, where-by I knew 'twas a City Pig. Here's a sweet stir with Beares and Dogs, able to make a wise man mad: for first they pretend to preserue their Dogs, yet rayl at me for shooting the Beares that kill thicke Dogs; and then tax me for killing the Beares, yet set their Dogs to tear the Beares in pieces. Yes, and the Man that ow'd the Beares now sues me for destroying his Goods. but what the Devil are Beares good for? They bragg of a *Weapon-salve* made forsooth of the fat of Beares killid in the *Act of Generation*, (though Beares never generate but by night when none can know it:) my Sword hath made some Wounds, let them anoynt the blade of my Sword, and try how many Cavaliers 'twill cure. The Devill has a hand or a foot in this *Salvo* if it come from Beares: for, you know the Beast with seaven heads and ten hornes had the *foot of a Beare*, whence people say *a Beare has the Devil's foot*: You think I meane the *Beare at the Bridgefoot* (for *God sends meat and the Devil sends COOKS*:) I meane a Limb of the Devil, and is it a sin to destroy the Devil? *George* was Sainted for killing a *Dragon*; (*Saints* of old like honest *George* us'd to kill *Beasts*, but now *Saints* commonly kill *men*;) the *Dragon* and *Bear* are Pictures of the same; for the *Devil* hath divers Sutes to put on; he wears not only the *Beast* (a red *Dragon*, an *Oyster*, a *Bear*) but a very Man, a Woman, in *Silks*, in *Buff*, in a long Mourning Cloak (to hide his cloven foot) and too often a *Saint* or *Angel* of new light; yet then so like as one Devil to another. An Author of Ours said the *Beast's ten hornes* are the *Kings of Europe*; which may bee the reason why the *Members* that voted against a *King* were so hot for *Decimation*: thicke *Members* were not the *major part*, but the *Major Generall part*: I confess that *Author* wrote after the *King* was beheaded, when our *Liberties* stood committed to severall *Keepers*. And yet I would know that *Member's name* that would not be a *King*: every creature (above and below) hath a *Monarch* in his belly: the *Devil* would fain have bin *King of Heaven*, and *Adam* scorn'd to be *King of the Earth*, and each of his sonnes would be *King of all the rest*. And (to speak my Conscience) if the *State* should vouchsafe to name me *King*, I think I should not question the *Election*: no, though it were (as I hear the *Perfians* once chose a *King*)

King) by the neighing of a horse. But he that hath Hulc may soon be a King; and therfore I love to have my Horse; but why with a vengeance should we have Beares that feed upon Horse-flesh? My Physician say's that an old fellow one Pliny told him, that a pieces of Peares flesh will grow bigger by boylng; which shewes the Devil and his Danure is in Beares; for all things else will boyl away to nothing: had all my Beer had a good sound boylng, I had not dyed with a pound of Hopps. Are these your Beasts of the Game? I present thet Gamin, there's an ~~Act~~ against it, though some of our onn play deep as any, and the Gametters made Dice of some of Their bones who made that ~~Act~~ (O who can tell how a man is us'd when once he comes to be a dry bone!) Something there is that Dice run now more falle then ever, that so many new curses follow those Bones. Perhaps the Beares come not within the Ring of this Act against Gamin; yet both Dog and Bear are within the lists of the Act against Duells; and though they are out of the ~~Act~~ of Oblivion, yet some new Justices brought them within the Act for Marriages. 'Tis confess'd they fight but not for us; they are no part of the militia, and never paid so much as Pole money: they never with Lions were admitted into the Tower, nor shew'd at Westminster among the fine Sights; nor ever reckon'd among the Crown Jewels. There were Propositions for bringing in Plate, mory, and Horse, but not for Beares. And yet now must England turn Greenland? the War has made it Red Land, and Funerals make it black Land, & our Ministers make it blew Land. But if I never answer for killing any thing but Beares I shall do well enough: Were I arraign'd, it could not be Murder, but Beare-slaughter: nay I kill'd them in my own defence, for they would have kill'd mee; which is moie then can be laid for putting many a thousand to death. O but they say I kill'd them not fairly, but shot them dead in cold blood? And am I the fust that did so? have wee not done it over and over? I kill'd them as wee kill'd Lucas and Lisse, two as brave men as the King had any: what? would they have mee baye them to death? do I look like a Beare-ward? or should I knock them in the head like an Oxe? there is a Major Generall can do that better then I. I remember one (now a great Lord) who speaking against Strafford, said, Beasts of Prey ought to have no Law: shall wee grant that to Beares which wee deny'd to Strafford? A Cavalier told mee that this was but a Quibble upon the word Law, for there is (said hee) no Law for Beasts, but that a man may kill them for his use, and the more sudden and leis payn the better, and if a Hare or Stag have Law, that is, liberty to run, 'tis not for their but for our sakes, to prolong our sport in their destruction.

ation. However that Quibble was seasonable then, and did our wor
 upon *Strafford* and *Canterbury*. But mark how both sides plead so
 mee; the one say's, *Beasts of Prey must have no Law*; the other say's
There is no Law for Beasts: so both say 'tis lawfull for mee to kill
 the *Beares*. No matter how; hang them, shoot them, chop of their
 heads, send them to *Jamaica*, any way is best. For can there be Beasts
 more *Malignant* then *Beares*? I look'd but in my Almanack, and there I
 found two *Dogges* and two *Beares* among the *Starrys*; and those I dare say
 are *Malignant Starrys*; for within two lines the *great Bear* is call'd
Charles Wagn. By this you'll imagine *Malignants* are in *Heaven*,
 but wee and they shall scarce meet in one place; for els t'were madnes
 in us to kill them, because thereby wee send them to bee happy. But
 They as well as *Wee* would fain live; and would have good Estates as
 they had before, and as *Wee* have now: 'tis in our Power whether They
 shall live but not whether wee our selves shall dye; for though our
Army bee as strong to day as yesterday, yet our own Bodies draw
 nearer Death. Behold it in mee: and remember *Naseby*, which made
 us what wee are; how the *King's* best men, when the *Victory* was
 theirs, took a bottomless fancy of running all away, having done the
 like before at *Marston moore*. I have knowna six thousand (and no
 Cowards, neither) fly all like Bedlams when no enemy was within
 seaventeen mils, and if they were all examin'd upon Oath they could
 not tell why. And they say that one poor wooden Horse at *Troy* did
 more then all our *Army* in the *Indies*. 'Tis certain no *Woman* is so fickle
 as an *Army*. I speake not for my self; for 'tis well known I have done
 my part; 'tis true I have kill'd better things than *Beares*; and kill'd them as
 men should bee kill'd, eyther in the field or in a *High Court of Justice*:
 the best *Cavalier* among them all (the *King* himself) I Judg'd to the
Block; my Lord *Hewson* is my witness, for he late next to mee. Per-
 haps they think my Lord *Hewson* and I not fit to bee *Judges* because of
 our Trades; but let them shew mee one Text of Scripture where *Brew-
 ers* and *Shoemakers* are forbidden to bee *Judges*. I confess in Juries of
 Life and Death wee except against a *Butcher* as blooded in slaying of
 sheep and Calves; but if hee onely kill *Beares* and *Men* hee may bee
 either a *Juror* or a *Judge*. I knew a *Judge* did use to mend *Stockings*;
 (I pare his name because hee did a *Busiels* for mee) and 'tis as law-
 full to mend *Shooes* as *Stockings*, and if a *Judge* may bee a *Cobler*, a
Cobler may bee a *Judge*. As for mee, 'tis true I have born a *Slingsby*; which
 made a Knave call me *St Thomas Slingsby*; but I made the *Slingsbys*
 shorter for it by one, and that one shorter by the Head; and had
 done as much for young *Mordan*, but that (having drank *White-wine*
 that

that morning) I slept forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mordant* was quit. Thus the Life of Man is but a pifling while. But what if I have born a *Sling*? did not *David* so too? the difference is, Hee laid by his *Sword* and took up a *Sling*, and I layd by my *Sling* and took up a *Sword*. Kings, Lords and Gentlemen take mony for their Land; others sow it and sell the *Corn* to us; wee advance it to good Beer and Ale, and then sell the Drink to those Kings, Lords and Gentlemen; and thus the Cup goes round. They sell for mony, and *Wee* sell for mony; and if a *Shilling* had a *longue* as well as a *Face*, it would say, *Sir, I am but twelve pence whether you meet *wee* in the Brewhouse or in the Exchequer.* 'Tis true, there are divers sorts of *Shillings*: some are *Brass*; impudent Rogies, who when discovered are nayl'd to a Polt: some are *Lead*, heavy, dull Beatis that will not goe: others are right Metall but *clipt*, poor *decimated* things that would goe and cannot. But *Bras* is *Bras*, and *Silver* is *Silver* at *Court* and at *Pye-corner*. I was as *wam* in my *Leather Jacket* as in my *Scarlet Cloake*. 'Tis strange what an eye-toe that *cloak* was to some, as if the Garment it self could hit; indeed wee had a man that us'd to hang his Cloke in my *Brew-haule* (as Country folk hang *Wooll* over pales of *Water* to make it *weight*) and so though not Hee, yet his *Cloak* was a *Drunkard*. But *Cloake* or *Jacket* Twas the same man: I never deny'd, but still kept my *Trade*, (and if others had done so, a hundred thousand Lives had bin sav'd) at last I got to be *Brewer* to the *Navy*; and if each man had drank like the *Whale* at *Greenwich* I could have fill'd them all: for I had three *Brew-houses*, one at *London*, another at *Kingston*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not I have three *Brew-houses* as well as *Assembly-men* three *Benefices*? they were my *Livelyhood* as theirs were their *livings*. One of those fellowes at *Margarets Westminster* (who had four *Preferments* given him by the *State*) would needs teach us how to live by a *Word*: You'll ask (said he) what *Word* is that? 'tis *Faith*, get *Faith* and I'll undertake you may live Gentleman like: but that *Rascall* brake his own *word* with me, and dyed *Twelve pound* in my *debt*. I grant he was first that told me my *Surname* came from a *King of Rome*, call'd (as I remember) *Urquimus Suparbus*: there were *seven* of those *Kings*; but they are long since dead, and thence men call me one of the *seven deadly sinnes*, they may as well call me one of the *seven Wisemen*, or one of the *seven Planers* or *seven Wonders of the World*. But if we credit such as Hee, 'tis a very hard thing not to be a *King*. They'll prove (if you'll *try* them) that *Rhombus* and *Remus* that founded *Rome* were of *English extraction*; (I know not whether we had the same *Mother*, but 'tis said many of us had the same *Nurse*.) But I never car'd

car'd three pence for their Praise ; therefore I pray ye vex not my Corps
with a huge *Monument*, which cannot protect it self, nor me ; and ma-
ny a man's Bones had slept in quiet if his peating *Tomb* had not told
where he lay. And trouble not my Ghost with any of their *Elegies*,
Latin or *English* ; they make a man but laught at, and are not worth
a handfull of *Graines*. I do not mean Mr *George Witheres*, for He
got the *Statute Office* by Rumm'g : he hath now sold that *Office*, but
when will he sell his *Vertes* ? a *Statute* lyes upon them so as no body
will buy them. 'Tis not a Month since one of the *Statute Poets* brought
me an *Anagram* for me and my Wife : but I hear those *Anagram-*
mers should be all fetcht into a *Court of Wards*, for although they
have not Wit enough for *Lunaticks*, they are dull enough for *Idiots*.
But now they'll all at me : what a heap of paltry *Quibbles* and *Clenches*
will they throw upon me ? you'll hear them cry, *Now Pride hath a*
fall, --- *Now there are but six deadly sinnes*. --- *O, sir, are you there*
with your Beares ? They but saw me stand, holding my Crab-tree cud-
gell upright, and they cry'd, *Lo, there's the Bear, and the ragged staff* !
How have they dragg'd my poor Name, & seen me back from P to B to
make me born in *Bride's Church Porch* ? 'tis false and Non-sence to
call me *BR DE* , though my Wife was so when I led her to Church.
I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend, where (instead of *my*
best Bear) I wrote that I had *left my best Bear*. But all Letters & Books
are false ; there's none of them honest except the *Bible*. I have an *A-*
bridgement of an *English Chronicle*, which drowns the Duke of *Clas-*
sance in a *Rynelot of Malmsey* (the Duke might as soon be drownd
in a *Thimble*;) but perhaps 'tis a whole *ton* in the *Chronicle*, for my
book is but a *psiorome*. Hang Names and Words ; *Greek* and *Latin* will
not make an honest man ; and a man may speak Truth without true
spelling. I remember when I dined with the *Florida Ambassador* at
Alderman Nowel's, where we had *Florence* wines, I told the Alder-
man that when that *Ambassador* got home to his Countrey he might
send us more of that *Florida* wine : They all smil'd ; but what car'd I ?
'twere not two pence to me if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the
Indies : they should remember I was a *Brewer*, not a *Vintner*. But I am
posting thither where there are no *Quibbles* ; though I fear (in the weak
condition I am now) I my self have bin fore'd upon many : for Dying
men talk idly ; and he that is sick and talks much, can hardly escape
from *Quibbles* or *Non-sence*. And I hope you'll pardon my baiting
your Patience so long with the *Beares* : consider it was the great
Action of my Life, and the onely thing (in the opinion of many) that
would lye upon my Conscience. I confess I thought the *Lease* of my

Life had not bin expir'd ; there is Breath enough in the world, but I must
 have no more of it. For Death, Death is the grand *Malignant* ; and a
Malignant Fever is his *Lieutenant Generall*, and (which is worse)
 this *New Disease* is his *Major General*, a Disease which sweeps through
 all Counties of *Eng'land*. And though the *Weekly Bills of Mortality*
 know not us who dy in the Countrey ; yet tis my comfort I dye here
 in my own Hous[e] at *New-such* ; Twas the *Kings Hous[e]*, and *Queen Elizabet* lov'd this above all her Houses ; and some say my wife looks like
 that *Queen*, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like
 Her ; (I hat *Queen* might look like whom she pleased, for She by *Pro-
 clamation* forbade any to draw her *Pictur* ;) but I would not have my
 Wife like both *Her* and *Him*, and so make her a *Maprodit*. She hath
 brought me divers Sons ; and I leaue them good Estates ; (I hope I do)
 and would gladly leave a good name to keep them company.
 The very *Malignants* say my Sons are civil persens : But
 should I live a thousand yeares they would not say so of me : I think
 'twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my *Sling*.
 But how many know yee, that (raiſed like me to Power and Com-
 mand) have willingly returned to the place from whence they came ?
 They talk indeed of a *Roman* Generall who came from the *Plough*
 (*Dick Tabor* I think they call him) who having beat the *Enemy* went
 home to the Countrey, rich and renowned for a very wise man. And
 they say if that pittifull pilchard *Maffanello* (who had a hundred thou-
 sand at his pleasure) had left his command, hee had not been rewarded
 with a musquet bullet, but had been honoured with a statue of Gold.
 'Tis true the *Queen of Sweden*, though born a *Kings Daughter*, resign'd
 her *Crown*, and vows shee never lived happy til now. But her *Successor*
 love's *Kingdoms* better then so, and will onely have as many as hee can
 get. Hee too[n] swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgord it : and is now
 in *Danemark*, holding two Forts (with two hard names) which stand
 like our *Graves-end* and *Tilbury* : and had he strength to take Ours
 too, I think in my Conscience hee would make us all *Danes*.
 Hee has many *Designs* : but all my *Design* is onely to save my *Estate*
 and my *Soul*. Indeed heretofore I had some little *Plotts*, but they did
 not all take. I thought to make the same *Horses* serve both for my
Coach and Dray, but I found my *Dray-horses* were too high shod, and
 I might as well have Harness'd the *Beares*. And yet I know what be-
 longs to *Horses* : for I was the first brought *Horses* into *Paul's* :
 and those *Horses* brought *Saddles*, for a *Sadler* bath set up another
Exchange there. I was told *Epsom* water might do mee good, but
 I durst not take it, having us'd the *Vicar* so very severly, lost that *Pa-
 rish* *Priest* should unhalow the *Well* ; and (to say truth) from my *70th b*

[8]

I never used to drink Water. My Tomib minds mee of the late
Battell of Penllynck: for when hee lay dying (as I do now) I went to
visit him, and when they told him Colonel Pride was there (for then I
was but Colonel) who ? who (said hee) Pride ? oh, a precious Tomib !
But what had hee to do with my Tomib ? had I such strength and healt
as in my Youth, I would not change with any Lord in England. I now
die a Lord, and had I liv'd as long as that Earle I might have been an
Earle as well as hee, and the first of all the new Lords, whereby you'll
see whether our Sons will succeed us in the Peerage. I would have no
Barons Warr: though I fear a world of Doubts will be rail'd about the
Other House. They'll putt it to the question Whether our House bee
within the ~~Act~~ Against ~~the~~ Buildings ? and (if within the ~~Act~~) Whe-
ther as built upon a new foundation, or becaus 'tis a Cottage? Then (af-
ter the Foundation) have at the Roof; Whether it be Tyld or Thacht,
(I do not mean by ~~was~~ ~~was~~ or Jack Straw.) Whether it bee the Upper
House or a Garret whereon Shoes, old Casks, & such Lumber is plac'd?
Whether this High Court bee a Court of Warr, where none fit but Offi-
cers? with a hundred such questions too many for a Dying man to re-
member. And truly hymselfe have been much puzzled with this Other
House for the Commonwealths House & ours is the other: & ours is one
House, & the Commonwealths the other, & who can distinguish them? Now
the Commonwealths house is a Brewhouse, he lask is I mean to London
of ~~was~~ ~~was~~ to my new House, then goes he to Kingston: when he re-
turns I send him to my other House, then goes hee to London: and when
hee comes back I bid him to go to King's son of London, but to the other
House, and then must hee travel to Edinburgh: Thus a man must run
through two Nations eyell the way under this other House: for this is the
other, and that is the other, and all are the other House: though sure our
House of Peers is such as there cannot be such an other House. I hope
'tis no offence in me to compare the House of Lords to a Brewhouse:
for I am of both Houses: I know how men are at work in both, & what
great Heats are often in both: & how in both they all work for onrself, &
yet every man for himself, with twenty more things wherein the two
Houses agree. The difference is, that we took the Engagement against a
House of Lords, but not against a Brew house. But that was meant of
the old House of Peers, abut the new: and a new House is wotch two old
ones, for the State hath a whole years Rent of a new House if it stand
within ten miles of London. But alas (my good Friends) I am now going
to the Lower House, whiche we all must go sooner or later: and the best & greatest
Lord of us all had rather go to the other House, then to the other
World: for no Brew house is there, but a great hot Oven that will never
be cold. Therefore take heed, for as we Brew, so must we Bake.